

From Edmund Quincy
to Caroline Weston

part of Allen
the next morning Leatham July 9. 1843.

My Dear Caroline:

Although you have not condescended to notice
my last effusion, which preceded my visit to New Bedford,
still, as humility is the badge of all my tribe, I suppose that
you will nevertheless like to hear from me again - since
humility is the more remarkable in this instance, because
I have nothing to say. My time, since that very pleasant
visit, has been spent pleasantly, but quietly, enough. It has
been one of those peaceful periods which afford but small
scope for the eloquence of the historian. No more revolutions
have occurred. King James sways his lawful scepter unmolested,
and the hapless conspirators are mourning over the ruin of
their hopes. Truly, he is a new proof of the wisdom of the
Chancellor Oxensternas saying, that it is marvellous ~~with~~
little wisdom it takes to govern the world. I don't think
that you have ever done justice to the intensity of his stolidity.
And indeed I cannot much wonder at it when I remember
the reams of paper, the torrents of ink & the mountains of
patience you wasted upon him during the past year. Oh,
think of our delicate incandescences, our cautious periphrases,
how we hunted our doubts & hesitated our dislikes, the
exception pains we took to let him understand the true
state of affairs without blurring it out offensively - and how
to find that he probably did not understand a single word
we said! It is enough to make a justified saint swear
like a trooper. And I don't believe he had sense enough
to show our letters to Mr. Child, who would have understood

them. Eating mutton cold & cutting blocks with a razor
is a trifle to it. There was a perfect magazine of powder
wasted upon him. Richard D. Webb would have been thankful
for the crumbs that fell from his table. & I don't suppose
he didn't know whether what he set before him was a
good leg of mutton or a crust of brown bread. Well,
well! "We that have food will have much to answer
for!" I hope you were pleased with his article dividing
the word of truth between himself & the Members of the E. S.
Con. in Boston, acting in their capacity of Managers of the
Mass^{tts} Society! Maria seems to incline towards collecting
opinion & ^{to} think that he is something worse than a fool,
but me, charity holds out thus far in content with
considering him as ~~the~~ Adam in the Paradise of Fools. I
rather think that the upshot of the whole matter will be
the removal of the whole Flopper Clique, - really as well
as virtually, - at the next Annual Meeting, & ^{the} putting in
Jones to stand for the Am. Soc. at N. Y. And then
the stupidity, if not worse, of Abby Kelly! She doesn't
approve of the Convention, far more! Won't it have the effect
of discrediting the Am. Society & have this work done by
the N. E. Convention! And then think of her being in
Melbury without repairing to the Grand Central Illumi-
nation in her golden arm drawing light! I tell you
what, my young friends, this living away from Boston
won't do. I'm half afraid that I shall hear of
your doing a saying some terrible thing before
long. I should not much wonder to hear of your going

about to get subscriptions for a new form for Phillips
R. Russell. But only those for you exist in the continual
magnetic communication of letters (some of which - mine at least
may throw you into no unnatural sleep) which is kept
up between you & Luciana H. You should be careful
every night, before you say good night, to repeat some
 Creed so as to have it fresh in your mind. "There
is one God & Garrison is his prophet. The chief end
of man is to glorify the Boston Clergy & enjoy it forever.
I believe the Boston Clergy to be infallible & that it
can ^{not} do, think nor say any wrong thing. It is the duty
of every true believer to make an Annual Pilgrimage
to No 39 Summer St. - and the oftener it is made the
more gracious his estate. If I have ever presumed to differ
from the Boston Clergy in opinion or action I do embelish
that I was therein a miserable sinner, deserving of ever-
lasting forgiveness. &c. &c." You can complete the Creed from
your own knowledge & experience. This should be repeated
on your knees with your face turned towards "The Mercies
of the Mind" & you will find great comfort & edification
therefrom. ~ The Hundred Emancipations seem to well on foot.
Emma tells me that Remond has consented at last to
receive the insignificant sum of \$500 fr. ann. & to go into
the field. This victory was all Maria's own. She may
truly say "Alone I did it!" "Peace hath her victories
not less renowned than war." I am glad of her success -
though Remond did behave like a simpleton in the
matter - for I have no doubt he will do a good work,
[James Monroe]. Collins, however, will have to keep him & Mansel in
separate bags - for, I suppose you know R. would not

speak to Mr. after his ridiculous speech about his & Garrison
quavelling which should be the greatest sin. By the way
I wonder whether the latter has will carry The Green
Sally Brown with him to the Western Chilly. Why not
I hope an A. S. Agent may carry his baggage about with
him. I trust however, she will not keep him in such a
brown study as she did at New Bedford - for I think
there was truth as well as pathos in Mrs. Emerson's
complaint that the N. B. friends should have to pay his ^{court} ~~expenses~~
~~#expenses~~. Callous came directly from New Bedford to Dedham
I seemed quite well in good spirits & gave good answers
to you two. Upon taking leave I begged to know where we
should meet again. Upon what he replied "Probably
in Heaven!" Whereupon I, to comfort him, bid him, as
Dame Quickly did Falstaff 'not to think of ~~Heaven~~ Heaven,
I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with such
thoughts yet." There if any other man I should think
it very doubtful whether I should ever see him again
in the flesh - but he has contracted such a trick of
dying that he must be very dead indeed - have actually
gone to Arthur's bosom - before we can believe him to be
really near his end. Ever since he went to town last
winter, after his return from Ohio, after having been
at the point of death all night, for the purpose of having
a consultation of physicians, & then went frolicking off
the same afternoon - the thermometer below zero - to
Wrentham to extort a thousand dollars from
Abner Belcher for the N. Y. noodle; - I have had